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THE LABYRINTH OF LOVE

A FAVORITE SONG

BY THE LATE MRS POWNALL

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Why O why Almighty
passion, why on me exert thy power, why a slave to soft sen-sation, make me at so
late an hour, why thy fetters round me binding, wilt thou force me still to rove, through thy
mystic mazes winding, in the La-byrinth of love, in the La-by-rinth of
Love. *ff*

2

Say, Oh Say, thou' soft Deluder,
Why my Heart is robb'd of peace!
Tell, ah Tell me, dear Intruder,
Must my torments never cease,
While my Bosom, Harbours Treason,
Each fond hope of Joy, is Vain,
Where is now my boasted Reason!
Fled! and nought is left, but Pain.

3

Spare, oh Spare! fond memory, spare me,
Nor Retrace soft scenes of joy,
Cease from Dutys laws to tear me,
Least, my life you should Destroy,
(Hear thy Suppl^{ant}'s sad Petition,
(Nor Reject my sober claim,)
Honour come, thou' best Physician,
Heal my Heart, and save my Fame.